

JOURNAL OF THE FORTEAN RESEARCH CENTER

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Exploring Unexplained Phenomena

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Interview With an Abductee



*Is there a secret underground
base near Artesia, New Mexico?*

Letter from the Director

Warmest Greetings to all Fortean Research Center members. As the new Director of the Fortean Research Center, I would like to extend a sincere welcome to you all. As many of you know, I founded the Center in 1982 and served until 1988 as its first Director, so in a sense, I feel like I'm 'back home.'

I would like to extend special thanks to Scott Colborn for his excellent handling of the organization over the last six years, and for all of the work he has done to help make the FRC what it is today. I also wish to extend my deepest thanks to the Board of Directors for honoring me with the privilege of once again serving you in this capacity. The help and expertise which Ed Rumbaugh, Frank Dreier, Lee Debus, Lon Nansel, Steve Johnson, Scott Colborn, and our new editor, Gary Carey, bring to our organization is invaluable. They are to be applauded for their efforts in helping the mission of the FRC.

We will be continuing our tradition of fine conferences dealing with all aspects of Fortean phenomena, and we will be resuming regular publication of the *Journal* as our top priority. I would like to offer my profoundest apologies to those of you who have waited so patiently for the appearance of the *FRC Journal*. It appears all things are back on track again, and it is my intention to do everything within my power to see that we publish four times a year. Remember, manuscript submissions are always welcome, so if you have something on which to report, feel free to submit it to our editor for consideration.

I am also very pleased to announce that Linda Moulton Howe, one of the finest researchers active today, and whom I am honored to call a very dear friend, has agreed to provide the *Journal* with a regular column beginning in the next issue.

The FRC will soon be offering a number of courses in investigative techniques for those interested in field work, as well as some intensive seminars covering specific aspects of Fortean phenomena to provide you with an in-depth look at the history and current state of affairs of topics such as animal mutilations; high-strangeness monster sightings (Mothman, phantom cats, "apparitional" Bigfoot incidents, giant birds, etc.); the Men-in-Black enigma; anomalous fossil finds, or as Ivan Sanderson termed them, OOPARTS (out-of-place artifacts); and other Fortean events.

We would also like to ask for your financial help at this time. Please remember that the Fortean Research Center is a tax-exempt, non-profit organization, funded solely by your memberships and contributions. I would encourage you to consider making a tax deductible contribution to the FRC to aid us in our research and educational efforts. Remember, without your help, we can't continue to offer you the resources which you find so helpful and important.

Have a great summer, and we will chat again in about three months, when the next issue of the *FRC Journal* appears.

Best wishes,



R. W. Boeche, Director

CONTENTS

August 1994

Volume 5, No. 4

Interview with an Abductee

2

Introduction

5

The Interview

23

A Psychologist's Statement

24

Letters

26

Afterwords

31

Books

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Interview with an Abductee

Introduction

by Scott Colborn

It was late in 1987 when I met Vicki Stadler, and a friendship soon developed between us. Vicki knew of my interest in the paranormal and in the UFO mystery in particular, and she gradually confided in me that there were some highly strange, personal experiences in her conscious memory—experiences that she felt couldn't be explained prosaically.

Seeking answers, Vicki sought out and initiated an exchange with a psychologist in Lincoln. The psychologist hypnotized her, brought her out of the trance state, and demanded that she leave the office—and not return. The psychologist would have nothing further to do with her and wouldn't even tell her the gist of her own hypnosis session.

Based on the response that the psychologist exhibited to Vicki's hypnotic account of some anomalous personal experiences, I hazard a guess that this psychologist may have had some prior contact either personally or professionally with strange, unexplained experiences. Again, I'm guessing here, but the psychologist may have not been ready to deal with his or her own response, let alone someone else's attempts at making the darkness conscious. Or perhaps some force greater than ourselves foisted this jerk upon Vicki in order to make her all the more determined to find out what had happened in her life.

I referred Vicki to a second psychologist in Lincoln, who met with her. It wasn't that I thought Vicki was "going overboard" or that she was abnormal. I wanted her to have the best possible assistance when she began her personal investigation

into some of her unusual experiences. Vicki needed an open-minded professional trained in helping people on her team, to be of assistance in matters where I was not trained or certified. Vicki had already experienced the worst of the psychological profession. I was determined to help her find the best possible therapist as she began the journey of discovery into some of her conscious and unconscious memories.

The second psychologist offered Vicki a grounded, caring approach to her experiences. Through guided imagery sessions and counseling, Vicki began to fill in some of the blanks and to make sense of the high strangeness of certain episodes in her life involving contact with beings that were apparently non-human. After some sessions with the second psychologist, Vicki felt further empowered to proceed in trying to find out about some gaps in her conscious memory of personal experiences, as well as some missing time episodes. Vicki and I talked about finding a trained, certified therapist who could do hypnosis as a next step. After many phone calls and personal conversations with Lincoln-area therapists and psychologists, I talked with Dr. Julia Christoffersen, a clinical psychologist trained in hypnosis.

Dr. Christoffersen and I talked several times. Initially disinterested in the subject matter, Dr. Christoffersen gradually became interested in Vicki's accounts. After Dr. Christoffersen and Vicki met privately in the latter part of 1988, both Dr. Christoffersen and Vicki asked me to join them

during subsequent hypnosis sessions. Dr. Christoffersen wasn't well versed in Ufological studies and felt that I could be of assistance in helping Vicki unravel some of her consciously remembered paranormal experiences, as well as experiences and episodes that were only remembered in fragments and pieces. So we began our work as a team—Vicki, the individual seeking help through counseling and hypnosis; Dr. Christoffersen, the trained therapist providing clinical counseling and hypnosis; and myself, the researcher. It was part of my function to tape-record each session for archival purposes, as well as to provide a place for the majority of the hypnosis sessions. Under Dr. Christoffersen's guidance, I was, at times, allowed to question Vicki during the hypnosis sessions. Dr. Christoffersen, Vicki, and I began our work, meeting periodically at my home, beginning in early 1989.

It should be noted here that early on, I chose the position of putting Vicki's interests first—before my research interests. There will be some people who will, I'm sure, criticize me for this. From my vantage point as friend and researcher, however, I have attempted to always put the person's needs ahead of my own. As an example, many UFO researchers admonish contactees and abductees to not read books on the UFO subject, to not watch movies or TV regarding the unexplained, and so forth, as if the researchers are afraid that the line that separates fantasy from personal experiences will be blurred. I say, "baloney."

If a person wants to read books on the UFO subject in order to gain information, to perhaps try to put some of their own strange experiences in some kind of perspective, I believe that this is a healthy response. To try to limit someone's reading or viewing material to further my own lofty research criteria is to totally miss the point of who we're trying to help here. So, at the risk of criticism from my colleagues, I have always made the choice of putting the person's interests ahead of my own or others' research criteria.

As our client/therapist/researcher relationship deepened, Vicki, Dr. Christoffersen, and I felt the growing need to go public with the information that we were acquiring from a variety of sources. I wrote a short piece in the Newsletter that the Fortean Research Center publishes, outlining in "bare-bones" fashion part of Vicki's experiences and a possible Lincoln, Nebraska/Artesia, New Mexico

connection. Several other organizations in the Ufological community responded to my plea for information by reprinting the article and requesting information—among them, Richard and Jean Seifried/Oklahoma MUFON, George and Shirley Coyne/Michigan MUFON, and William Jones/MidOhio Research Associates. I am indebted to them for their assistance.

In July 1992, I traveled with my wife to New Mexico, where I met with Lynn Koenig, News Editor of the *Artesia Daily Press*. I outlined my interest in seeking any information I could gain from the readers of the newspaper regarding mysterious lights seen in the Artesia area, strange aircraft, cattle mutilations, disappearances, and so forth. The *Artesia Daily Press* ran a story on July 21, 1992, with my picture and a request for information. This resulted in my receiving two letters from the Artesia, New Mexico, area, responding to my request for information. These letters follow the transcribed interview that I did with Vicki Stadler and the comments from Dr. Christoffersen.

Vicki and I talked about going public with the material collected to date. After consideration was given, we felt that one of the best ways that we could prepare for an article was to assemble our notes and files, turn on a tape recorder, and simply talk about what we were learning with regard to Vicki's contact experiences. Since 1984, I have hosted the weekly radio program "Exploring Unexplained Phenomena" heard in Lincoln on KZUM-89.3 FM, so I felt very comfortable with the spontaneous quality of a live interview. Although there have been minor changes made to the following transcribed tape interview for grammar and continuity purposes, and a desire to be as accurate as possible, what you're going to read retains the freshness and candor of the interview itself. Our thanks to Aura Lee Furgason, who spent hours transcribing the text of the taped interview.

Dr. Julia Christoffersen felt that the most important thing she could offer in preparing for this article was to document Vicki Stadler's credibility. Dr. Christoffersen's statement follows the Stadler interview in this article.

What you, the reader, are about to read is not fiction. It's an account of a woman coming face to face with the unknown. It's a story that some of you may recognize as being part of "your story." It's a report that deserved much more time of my time than



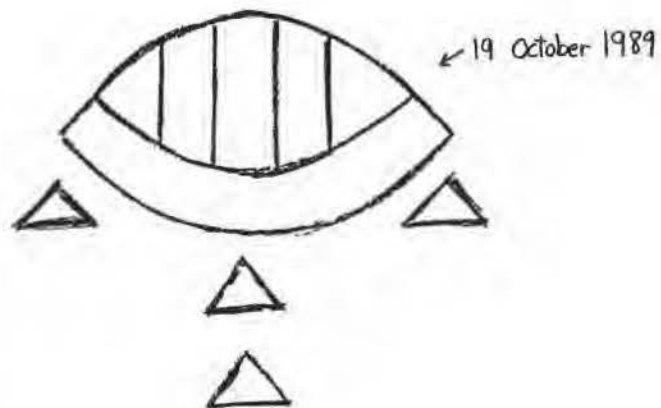
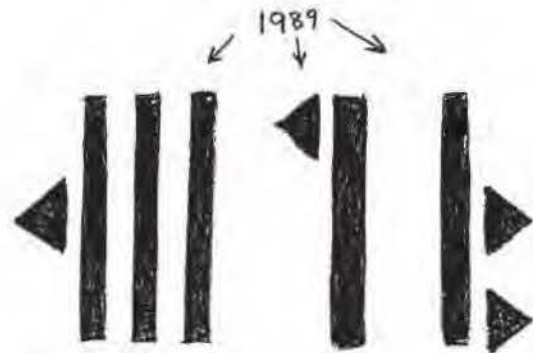
I could offer it while simultaneously owning a rapidly growing bookstore, fulfilling my duties as Director of the Fortean Research Center and host of the radio program, and last, but certainly not least, attempting to stay married to my wife. (Thanks, Kathryn, for your patience.) There are loose ends that I have deliberately left exposed for your scrutiny.

Vicki, Dr. Christoffersen, and I have done our part for now, although there may be a future, greater accounting in the form of a book.

Before you read the transcribed interview with Vicki Stadler, I want you to know that I believe that Vicki is honest, sincere, and a very brave woman. Many of us would have faltered along her path. I can only ask that you read this interview with

an open mind and consider the implications of what is said. My bottom line is that I believe her. I hope that someday you'll have the opportunity to meet this quiet woman of enormous strength and thank her for going public with her story because I believe that she deserves your thanks. Her willingness to enter the public arena with her story makes it a little easier for the next individual to attempt to make sense of his or her experiences. As I alluded to earlier, her story might very well be "our story."

The following transcribed interview between Vicki Stadler and myself originally took place August 14, 1993, in a private classroom in my bookstore.



Illustrations by Vicki Stadler

The Interview

Scott: Vicki, you started to have interest in trying to find out parts about your life, some aspects that seemed very strange, that normal ways of trying to explain some of these things just wouldn't fit right. I think that I first met you back in 1988 in terms of our interest here in unexplained phenomena, and some of your experiences—your contact and abduction experiences. You've had a number of experiences. Before we talk about the Artesia, New Mexico/Lincoln, Nebraska connection that may exist, why don't you tell us a little bit about your perspectives in 1993 about some of these experiences, coming to know, perhaps integrating those experiences, and what it has meant to you now.

Vicki: Well, Scott, it was late 1987 when we first met and we started talking about strange and unusual experiences. I felt very comfortable talking to you about those things. I think we began our discussions with talks about some ghost-type experiences that I had had, and out of the blue, you asked me about missing time. And for some reason, I said, "Oh, yes. Over 30 hours." Instantly that brought an experience to mind that had happened back in 1984, when I had gone somewhere and seemingly fallen asleep in my car and woke up the next day, coming home to find out it was a day and a half later. Lots of unusual experiences like that had happened to me throughout my life, but I didn't want to think about them because I was probably afraid people were going to think I was weird or off the deep end, or, you know, should be put away somewhere. Anybody who talks about that kind of stuff is certainly unusual. It doesn't really fit into the norm of society. I was very relieved to find someone who I could talk to about those things and not feel like some kind of outcast. As things progressed, the experiences that I had, the little pieces of missing time, little odd things that happened, waking up with scars and unusual marks on my body, feeling like I'd gone somewhere and like I hadn't slept—those instances became more frequent. The more we talked

about it, the more those things I had buried started coming to the surface. Actually, they were just beneath the surface, and I needed to find a way to access the memories and retrieve that information. And you suggested talking with a psychologist, maybe even working with hypnosis, which I was a little frightened of at the time, for reasons which I won't go into right now. I started working with a psychologist, at your suggestion, who worked with imagery and, through most of 1988, I worked with her, trying to access some of those memories. We were going along pretty well. Most of what I was getting was, I think, the emotional residue from the events that had happened, but I wasn't actually getting information about specific events, what really happened, what did I do, where did I go—that sort of thing.

Scott: So the imagery was maybe a way of releasing some of the emotional residue, to use your choice of words?

Vicki: Yes.

Scott: But not necessarily recalling very accurate, minute details of the experience.

Vicki: That's correct. It was a positive experience in that it got me working more with meditation and trying to get even other areas of my life into balance, which was probably good because I think it prepared me for what was to come when, early in 1989, you and I started working with another psychologist with hypnosis and regression to try to actually get to what had happened during specific events. I thought I was prepared for that at the time, but it was really very difficult to turn what I thought of as dreams into real events that really happened and had physical aspects to them.

Scott: Some of these experiences in 1987 through early 1989, that you were in the process of trying to find out more information about, were not only historical, but they were actually, apparently, some experiences that you were going through during that exact time frame. I remember from my notes



that there was a situation in which the first, or perhaps the second, psychologist that you were doing the imagery work with had asked you to complete a questionnaire, and you had told me that you had remembered taking the questionnaire, completing the questionnaire, and either dropping it off or mailing it back, somehow getting it back to the psychologist. The psychologist called you up and asked if there had been any problems with the request for information because what you had returned apparently was blank. And yet you had remembered spending some time filling that out and answering the questions, and so forth.

Vicki: Yes, that is correct.

Scott: So some of the information that you were trying to find out about was not only historical, perhaps from earlier in your life, but apparently was also involved with situations that, at that time, were ongoing, that seemed very strange and unusual.

Vicki: That was the first psychologist that I worked with, and I completed the forms in the presence of a family member and returned them to her in person at our very next session. She put them aside on her desk and didn't open them until I had gone that day. And then she called me later and asked if there was a reason why I hadn't completed them. But I had, and they even had my name on them. But what she opened—and she is 99 percent sure that she did not misplace them—what she opened was absolutely blank. There was no information on it at all. So that was strange.

Scott: Before we get more into some of the events that happened during 1989 and 1990, tell us a little bit about some of the experiences that you believe took place earlier in your life, perhaps in childhood and your teenage years.

Early Recollections

Vicki: Well, one specific event I remember from childhood occurred at approximately the age of seven. I was playing in the backyard by myself. My older brothers were playing at a neighbor's. My sister was napping, and we had a babysitter who was inside the house. I was alone in the backyard. It was a fenced-in yard, a little white picket fence, and outside the fenced-in yard, there was a really old garage that stood at the back of the property. As I looked back, there was a very—what I can only describe as—funny little man coming out of the garage, kind of leaning half out of the garage and motioning for

me to come into the garage, kind of waving me there. Under ordinary circumstances, I probably would have screamed and run in the house, or definitely not left the yard, but it was as though I had no control of the situation. I left and entered the garage without permission—only to find about the brightest light that I had ever seen. At that point, my conscious memory ended. I woke up several hours later in the back of the coat closet, not—you know—really able, at that age, to explain what had happened or to understand any of this. And, of course, my father had been called home from work because they had been looking all over the neighborhood and all over the house for me for several hours. And there I was. I have no explanation for how I got there—from the garage into the coat closet—but there I was.

Scott: This was in Lincoln, Nebraska?

Vicki: Yes. I was born and grew up here, so everything that I am going to talk about has taken place in and around the Lincoln area, with the exception of some experiences at other remote locations.

Scott: Before you did your regressive hypnosis work with Dr. Julia Christoffersen, did you have memory of this first experience as a child?

Vicki: Only what I just talked about. That's about the extent of the memory.

Scott: So there was this experience that had occurred, that you had memory of. Did it feel like it was unresolved to you? Like, did it seem out of the ordinary that there should be a little man who would appear in your backyard?

Vicki: Yes. Very much so. I remember telling my mother. My father would not listen to any excuses from this seven year old, who sounded like she was fabricating the whole thing. I told my mother about the little man, and she assumed that I must have made up the whole thing. She couldn't figure out why I had hidden from the family for so long, but that wasn't the case.

I had another experience in 1964, when I was almost 13, where I actually spotted a cigar-shaped craft over north Lincoln doing some real interesting zigzag patterns in the sky. At one point, I felt as though someone were looking at me, like they knew I was watching, and I lost conscious memory and some time during that experience. I remember jumping up and running down the stairs from the second floor of the house and telling my father to quick—quick come and see this. He said that he

hadn't seen anything, but he helped me to file an official report with what-was-then Project Bluebook. They didn't tell you that it was Project Bluebook, but that's what it was. I found out later, through regression, that there was quite a bit more to that experience than what I remembered. I don't recall my father being involved, but I do believe to this day that he did witness the same thing that I did. He was kind of a "don't believe it unless you see it" sort of guy.

Scott: Yes.

Vicki: Experiences continued into my early 20s. I'm kind of jumping a few years here, but just little, odd things happened that you file away in that place of "Gee, I can't explain this, but I really don't want to think about it, so . . ."

Scott: I think it is good to make the point here that there were things that you had memory of and no rational, explainable way of dealing with, because many of these experiences in your life prior to doing the hypnosis, because many of the noisy negativists, or, shall we say, the debunker crowd, would argue that you could take anybody who has no memory whatsoever and, through an unskilled, perhaps dubious, hypnotherapist, convince these people that they have had abductions or that they have had UFO experiences when, actually, they have not. It is important, I think, to note right at the start here that you had a number of experiences that were of conscious memory and part of your memory prior to doing the hypnosis. What happened then, Vicki, as a young woman growing up? You met and married your first husband. Where were any children from that marriage?

Vicki: Yes. We have two children.

Scott: Did you have experiences during that first marriage?

A Missing Fetus

Vicki: Yes, I did. I had a couple of missing time experiences very early on, when I was 21 and 22. My daughter was born when I was 23, my son was born when I was 25. That takes us up a few years. I had kind of an interesting experience in our home, around 1980. My children were sleeping, and I was up late one night by myself. My husband worked days and nights. We were starting a business at that time, so it was real important that he did that. My conscious recollection of the experience was that I went outside to take care of the family dog—which was usually a late-night activity I enjoyed—after the

kids were in bed. I would take her food up to her, and we would play, and I took her food up to her that night. She was in a kennel at the back of the property, but I didn't see her anywhere. I called to her, but she didn't come. Then I had a very strange feeling that someone was standing directly behind me as I was facing her pen. When I spun around, all I remember seeing was an extremely bright light. My conscious memory ended at that point. I remember waking up sometime later, lying across the back step by the back door, with the dog lying on the next step down. She was sound asleep. As I sat up, I felt very, very nauseous, and all I could think of was to go to bed. I kind of shook the dog and woke her and took her back up to her kennel, where she promptly threw up. I got to bed, and both the dog and I were sick for about three days.

Scott: You and the dog?

Vicki: Myself and the dog. Lots of vomiting. That's pretty unusual—for you and your dog to be sick at the same time. She was never sick before. Within a few weeks of that incident, I discovered that I was pregnant. About five months later, I had a strange dream experience. (I call it a dream because at the time, that's what it seemed like it was.) In the "dream," I was taken and the fetus removed. Within the next 24 hours, I realized that my viable, almost five-month pregnancy was gone. My doctor at the time insisted that it was a dissolved pregnancy and offered excuses like, "Well, you must have miscarried and really didn't know what was happening." And that was not the case because I had had miscarriages before, and between my two children, so I understood what miscarriages were like. That was highly unusual and a kind of emotional turning point for me, where most of my life fell apart at that point. The loss of the baby in 1980 was very disturbing to myself and my husband.

Scott: How was it an emotional turning point for you? What was it that really grabbed your attention? Was it the missing fetus?

Vicki: The missing pregnancy. Definitely. I love children. I was planning on having more children. To have that missing pregnancy happen, to not really be able to grasp an explanation for it—it put a real wedge between us. It pretty much destroyed things. We were divorced within two years of that time.

Scott: After a period of time, you then remarried?

Vicki: Yes.

Scott: And did you have more experiences that you had conscious memory of during the second marriage?

Vicki: Well, even before that, prior to that, I had a rather significant one in 1984.

Scott: This is with your first marriage?

Vicki: No, this was in between.

Scott: Okay. You were divorced and single?

The Branched Oak Episode

Vicki: I was single, and began having the same dream over and over again. I kept seeing a place at a lake and some things that transpired there, and I thought that I knew where it was. It was so intense that I felt that I needed to go there and find out if that was the place. The children went to visit their father one weekend, and I took off and drove to the Branched Oak Lake area. I hadn't been there for several years—that I could recall consciously. That was indeed the place. And while I was there, all of the events from the dreams just unfolded. I didn't recall a great deal of that 1984 experience until we did some regression years later. But I recalled enough for that to be a frightening memory of something that I didn't want to think about: leaving my car that night and thinking, "Well, what a peaceful place. What could possibly happen here?" and then being dragged up into a beam of light, fighting the whole way and not realizing what was happening to me, and waking up at dawn in my car, not really knowing how I got from the bank of the lake back into my car, and realizing something had happened, and thinking, "Well, I must have just fallen asleep. I must have sleepwalked back to my car and spent the rest of the night there." But I left and went home that morning, expecting it to be just the next day, but, in fact, it was two days later.

Scott: So you had gone out to the lake Friday evening.

Vicki: Yes.

Scott: And when you came back—or returned to consciousness—it was sometime Sunday morning?

Vicki: Yes. Sunday morning. And I went through a very strange ritual of disposing of the clothes that I was wearing—without even thinking about what I was doing.

Scott: What did you do with them?

Vicki: I took my outer clothing (my jeans and my T-shirt) and put them in the washing machine right away, and took my underclothes and wrapped them in plastic and a paper bag and put them in the trash. Now, to me, that is unusual behavior.

Scott: You don't typically wear clothes and then do this sort of thing?

Vicki: No.

Scott: And you knew that was Sunday morning because of—of what?

Vicki: The paper was on the front step when I came home.

Scott: When you got home, the Sunday paper was there?

Vicki: Right on my doorstep.

Scott: And this is a local lake north and west of Lincoln, approximately 15 miles, that county sheriff's patrol. Would there have been a person asleep in her car for a day, we could only guess that they would have been alerted to this. In fact, it is maybe interesting to note too that with your car parked there, and the way that the area is patrolled by the county sheriff's department, that one would have thought that you would have also gotten a ticket on the car. The fact that the car was left unreported—without being somehow referenced by the county sheriff's department—is also very interesting.

Vicki: It is a state park area, and it is patrolled, and I did not have a park sticker on my car at that time because I hadn't spent time out there. I hadn't visited the lake for several years—that I was aware of.

Scott: And you were parked in a parking lot at the southeast corner of the lake?

Vicki: Yes.

Scott: So it wasn't hidden in brambles or bushes or trees. It was in a . . .

Vicki: No. It was right out in plain sight, and there is a lot of fishing done right in that area, so someone would have seen it.

Scott: So, you had gone out there on a Friday night. Do you know why you originally drove out there?

Vicki: Just because of the dreams.

Scott: Yes.

Vicki: Some kind of verification for myself that there was more to it than just a dream. It was a very haunting dream of the same experience, repeated over and over. In the dream, I was feeling very

peaceful when I arrived at the lake. Suddenly the sky was very black above me and I felt the need to get away. I tried to claw my way back up the hill to get to the car. I was hit by a beam of light, from which I couldn't escape, and then I was drawn up into that light. The dream just repeated itself, over and over again.

Scott: And that's pretty much the content of the dream that you'd had.

Vicki: Yes.

Scott: Any reason why you went out to Branched Oak? Was it intuition? Or could you have also gone out to Pawnee Lake? Or to Stagecoach Lake, south of Lincoln?

Vicki: It may have been a combination of intuition and just remembering the area from being out there several years before. I can't really give you a clear answer on that. Sometimes we just do things and we don't really understand why. But then it sometimes turns out to be the right thing.

Scott: Well, what happened next, Vicki, that you would like to tell the readers about?

The Others

Vicki: Well, I think the beginning of our regressive hypnosis which we started, early in 1989. I had worked with the first psychologist during 1988 and really didn't feel like I was progressing as much as I would like to. I felt like I was ready to find out what had happened, and I needed to move along a little faster, and I thought hypnosis would give me more information than what I had gotten. So we started with that and it was like the dam breaking. All kinds of information came out that time about the previous experiences and what had happened, my contacts with these other beings, which I called "the Others." Specifically, my relationship with one of the beings who is a hybrid being. I call him the Protector. And that was because during these experiences, he would be the one who seemingly was in control of everything, and whenever I would feel any kind of pain or anxiety, he would take that away. So, to me, he was protecting me from what was going on.

Scott: Looking back now, Vicki, from our interview date here in 1993—having gone through hypnosis, several forms of therapy and integrating this experience and all these experiences in your life—have you been involved with the Protector for a long period of time?

Vicki: During several sessions of regression, I discovered, mostly through information from this individual, that we had been somehow involved for a very long time. I have never really been interested in reincarnation or past lives or anything like that, but the Protector's indication to me was that we had been together through several lifetimes, and this was just a continuance of that. And I don't know that it had anything to do with who he was or who these people were that we were with—rather, his soul—I guess you would say.

The Protector

Scott: You were mentioning the Protector—do you feel that you have had a relationship that has been by your choice with this being? With the Protector?

Vicki: Well, I feel like the information that has come to me about our relationship indicates some kind of pre-arrangement that somehow I knew these things were going to happen. Or I knew that there was going to be this type of contact, but I haven't consciously recalled anything to that effect. It is just the information that has come from him.

Scott: So the being that you are calling the Protector—you've said that he's a male. Were you made aware of that by his speech? Did he tell you that? Or did you assume that? Or—

Vicki: I may have assumed that, but I feel that I am correct, that he is male. I guess that is something your internal senses tell you about a person—their masculinity or femininity. The signals from him are of a masculine nature, so I am going to assume that he is male and that his species does have male and female, even though I have never seen a female that I can recall, aside from children.

Scott: Can you, at this time, describe the physical characteristics of the Protector for us?

Vicki: Yes. He has what some people would call the typical look of the Grays. But I don't think of him as typical at all. I see subtle differences that are very hard to describe. The Others are smaller than him—maybe 4 to 4 1/2 feet tall—with very slender, sloping shoulders and longer arms. They do have hands with five fingers. The appearance of the hand, and his is also like this, is similar to ours, only as though without the little finger, you would have a thumb on each side of the hand, so that it almost would be like having two thumbs and three fingers. The head's a little oversized—no hair that I could



see—and a little bit larger in the back. Very dark black, vacant eyes—over-sized, teardrop-shaped. They have a very heavy brow ridge above the eye, more of a bump than a nose. No ears. They do appear to have, like, a nostril on each side of this little ridge, so I guess you could call that a nose. They also have a very, very small slit of a mouth that I don't recall them using for communication or putting anything into it at all. So, if they eat, they have never done it in my presence.

Scott: What's the height of the Protector?

Vicki: The Protector is more my height, which would be . . . I think he's probably closer to 5'1." I'm 5'2", but when we are standing in close proximity, we are almost at eye level. He does have a more slender face—not what you would call a pointy chin—but more delicate features. His brow ridge is not as pronounced as the other beings, and his eyes are quite different. He does have a pupil in the eye that is kind of elongated in a vertical manner—not really what you would call a cat's eye, but very similar. And he does have a broader physical structure. His shoulders are very pronounced, whereas those of the other beings are not. Also, he has thin lips around his mouth.

Scott: Has he ever told you, Vicki, where he comes from?

Vicki: He did tell me that he is part of them and part of us. So that, to me, indicates that he is some kind of hybrid being. And I don't think it is unreasonable to assume that people who could accomplish what they are doing—whether they are time travelers or whether they are entering this dimension from another dimension, or whether they are traveling all those light years across space just to come here—I don't think it is unreasonable to assume that they can accomplish any kind of genetic match that they wish for their purposes of reproduction.

Scott: Did he ever tell you where "home" might be for him?

Vicki: Well, he did at one time indicate that where he was from was somewhere beyond the Orion nebula, which really doesn't tell you a whole lot. That takes in a lot of space. But it has always been a fascination for me—that particular area of space—and I have never really known why. I wasn't much of an astronomy student, and I couldn't tell you what any of the constellations are. I can pretty much pick out the Big Dipper, but that's about it. I am just drawn to watching the stars.

Scott: So, during your abduction or contact experiences, there were at least two different types of beings that you interacted with. And the Protector, for our purposes, as a second type of being, appeared to be maybe a hybrid between the "Others" and human beings?

Vicki: Yes.

Scott: Did he appear to be in charge? Or was he a "worker"?

Vicki: At first, he seemed to be in charge. He seemed to be directing the rest of them. And I think that might have been because he had more of an ease in communicating with me or whoever else they make contact with, than the Others did. The Others seemed to have more of a collective consciousness or a group-type of communication that was very confusing when the Protector was not present. Their communication was sometimes even painful because it was like a hundred people talking to you all at the same time in your head. I couldn't separate what was being said. The Protector's communication, however, was very direct and specific, and I had no problem and still have no problem understanding.

Scott: At what point did the relationship between you and the Protector change?

A Special Connection

Vicki: Time seems kind of irrelevant in this, but with the events that happened and the increase in my contact experiences, I think somewhere in—maybe, mid-1989—this kind of special connection was realized, and I don't think that he was expecting it, and I don't think that the Others were expecting it. I think they saw this special connection between the two of us as some kind of weakness on his part, and they definitely saw it as an inconvenience for them because it meant that their purposes would perhaps be second in priority to him and that my safety and my protection would be first. I'm not saying they are a harmful, dangerous species because I don't think that's true. They are just very directed at accomplishing their purposes, and I think his change of attitude toward me threw a wrench into their plan. And, somehow, along the line, they and/or some faction of humans, whether they be government or military or the scientific community, they were having some kind of exchange with these beings and he became part of that plan, whereas he was turned over to them for some kind of studies—and that made our communication very difficult.

Scott: From the notes, Vicki, from our hypnosis session that we did with Dr. Julia Christoffersen on December 7, 1989, you recalled an event that took place November 25, 1989, when you were driving your car on North 1st Street in Lincoln. You heard a loud beeping noise that seemed to be either in your head or all around you, and you then decided to drive out to, or perhaps I should put it another way, maybe you had no choice in the matter, but you drove out to Branched Oak Lake, and as the hypnosis session unfolded, you believed that you were again contacted or abducted again.

After being taken up in a beam of light, you found yourself in a small room, and after walking down a curved hallway, there were three aliens present. They told you that you couldn't see the Protector anymore. They put a comb-like object with needles on your left arm and told you that they needed cells. When the object was withdrawn, you saw that it had blood on it. One being got very close and looked deep in your eyes. Another being tried to get close and touch you, but the other being looked at him and he stepped back. The being that was doing the talking told you not to think of the Protector and when this individual would talk to you, it sounded like multiple voices. It hurt your head. That was a November 1989 experience that you fleshed out during a hypnosis session.

There was another session that Dr. Christoffersen and you and I did on January 18, 1990, when you related before the hypnosis began that you had been having the same dream for the last three nights, that you—again, I am going from my notes here—heard your name being called. You thought it was the Protector that was calling your name. It sounded like "vee-kay." You had a dream the week prior to this hypnosis session of January 18, 1990, and you thought it was the voice of your father that you heard in the dream. After we started the hypnosis session, you told us that the Protector was weak, and you desired to be closer to reestablish contact with the Protector, but you had been told by the other beings not to try to do this, that the Protector was weak or that there was a weakness that you maybe previously described in our conversation as being an emotional connection with you, that the Others described as being a weakness.

You told us that the Protector was being held by humans somewhere and that, at your last abduction, you were told that the aliens took blood

from you for use in treatment of the Protector. I was wondering if, during that session, Vicki, and I would like to have you comment on this, an idea that I had: maybe the aliens were trying to establish a love bond or a caring bond, or some sort of an emotional bond between you and the Protector in order to either study the emotions that were involved or to insure that there would be fuller cooperation on your part in future abductions, knowing that if this individual might be present, you might be able to re-experience being with the Protector. How do you feel about that? Do you think the whole relationship between you and the Protector was being orchestrated by something behind the scenes to see how you would react?

Vicki: There were times when I felt that that was the case, that they were pushing the buttons and I was reacting exactly like they expected. I think that the contact that I had with the Protector and the relationship, or connection that we have, is very strong and goes past maybe what they had planned. I don't think they realized that it would progress that far or be that strong. Although that may have worked to their advantage for a while, I think there were several occasions when it didn't work that way. I was never sure when they were telling me not to contact him, not to even think about him. I wondered if maybe they wanted me to do just the opposite—the reverse psychology sort of thing that parents use. Whatever buttons they were pushing, they were obviously getting the response they wanted, and sometimes when I think about it, I feel like I was falling right into their trap. I was responding the way they wanted.

A Warning

Then, Scott, there were times when they warned me against contacting him, against talking about it, thinking about him, or even writing about it. There were instances when I was keeping a journal—and pages were removed from the journal. During February 1990, I had some very strange, almost poltergeist-like experiences occur. I came into my house and found everything totally rearranged and, you know, creative furniture stacking and all kinds of unusual little things—pictures moved from room to room. This occurred twice in one day, and then a couple of days later. I called the police to try to find out if I had had an intruder. All angles were checked and nothing was found. During that time, I received at least two phone calls that warned me not



to talk about the Protector, not to talk about the information that I had received, and pretty much just to cease what I was doing.

Scott: It was about this period of time, too, in late 1989 or early 1990, that your second marriage began to unravel. I can only imagine that going through these experiences, trying to lead a "normal" life and keep both feet firmly on the ground, would make a relationship very, very difficult to maintain. So, at that point, you had separated—sometime during early 1990—from your second husband, and you were renting an apartment or a small house.

Poltergeists

Vicki: A house.

Scott: It was owned by your first husband. When you described these poltergeist experiences, these three experiences, I had asked you if anybody else could have done that, and you told me that it wasn't your husband (whom you were currently separated from), it wasn't the landlord, and it wasn't your daughter. Was there anything that made you convinced that it wasn't somebody pulling a prank or doing this?

Vicki: Well, there just wasn't anyone else. This house was sitting on property that was adjacent to my first husband's business property so it was visible all the time, and there just wasn't anyone else who had access to the property besides myself and him. And his time was accounted for. And my second husband would never have considered doing anything like this to frighten me, so I don't feel that it was done out of revenge or anything like that. No one had access to the house besides myself.

Scott: Now, one of the times, apparently there was a break-in at this particular property and things were moved around, furniture stacked upside down, and there had been a fresh snow and there were no observable footprints that led up to the door of this dwelling, and yet when you walked inside, you found everything in disarray, as if to suggest that whatever had happened, it happened not so much from somebody walking up to the door and going through the door but perhaps by someone who had some way of not leaving footprints.

Vicki: Something like that. That's one of those things that kind of defies explanation. The things that occurred inside the house seemed of a physical nature, and yet, there was no evidence that anyone had gotten into the house. There was no

evidence of a break-in, and there were no—like you say—footprints in the snow. Nothing like that.

Scott: You mentioned then that you contacted the police, and they were going to install an alarm inside the back door, which was the door that you were apparently using to enter and leave the dwelling. Was the front door—how shall I say?—closed permanently?

Vicki: The front door was closed off with two separate locks. There was a lock in the doorknob, which had a key. It could be opened from the outside, but then there was a bolt lock that could only be manipulated from the inside of the door. It had no key or access whatsoever from the outside, and that door remained locked.

Scott: It was just easier to use the back door as you came and went?

Vicki: Exactly. Right. It was closer to the driveway and the garage, so that was the easy access, the main access to the house. Very seldom did I ever use the front door until the weather turned nice.

Scott: After the alarm was installed inside the back door, did you have any other experiences when the alarm was in place?

Vicki: Other than a phone call and one other such incident with things being moved, no. I had a roommate move in with me within a month of that time, bringing a small dog, so we did have to remove the police device because the dog would have been setting it off all the time. After a month's time, or I think it was six weeks, it just didn't prove to be useful in any way, and it was more of a hassle than anything else.

The Bob Collins Episode

Scott: You had had some phone calls prior to this, as well as during the time you lived on the property. The Fortean Research Center, in fact, in a past journal printed a transcript that you had written down from memory after one of these first phone calls from an individual who called himself Bob Collins. He told you that he was an assistant director for MUFON, the Mutual UFO Network, in South Dakota. This individual was asking you about your experiences—if you remembered them, what the beings looked like, did you still have a scar, and so forth—and gave at least the intimation of knowing about your experiences, your contact experiences. Did this individual then call you back when you lived on this property that adjoined your first husband's

business? Did you recognize that it was the same voice? Or were the phone calls made by different individuals?

Vicki: It sounded like the same person to me, but it had been almost a year in between the calls, so that is really difficult to say. But the voice had similar qualities. It was a very high-pitched monotone type of voice, and yet I got the impression that it was a male.

Scott: And did he wish you well, exchange pleasantries? What was said during the particular phone call in early 1990?

Vicki: Nothing like that. It came at a time right after what I call the poltergeist-type experiences—all of the rearranging in the house and the missing pages of the journal which contained information about the regression sessions. It was more like, "We've warned you, and we're warning you again, and you're not to talk about this or think about the Protector." That was pretty much it. The telephone call that happened a year before, the one you referred to from the individual who called himself Bob Collins, came within days of an experience that I had had when I woke up in the morning disoriented and I had an incision on my abdomen which didn't bleed and was just very unusual. It's not the kind of thing you would fall out of bed and get without remembering. It wasn't a scrape or a scratch. It actually looked like a surgical incision. And how anyone would know about this is beyond me.

Scott: These are notes now from the hypnosis session of March 1, 1990. Dr. Christoffersen asked you if the furniture rearranging—this poltergeist experience that you referred to earlier—she asked if this was related to your UFO experiences, and you responded and said, "Yes. The Others are trying to control the Protector and me. The Protector doesn't like the Others experimenting with humans and using them. The Others are old; they need humans. The Others view the Protector's growing compassion as a weakness. These beings can change, but they can't renew. The Protector is being held by the Others, being kept alive for study by the Others." Dr. Christoffersen asked you who "they" were. Who were the Others? And you responded and said that they were alien and human. This was, I believe, our first indication, at least from your hypnosis sessions, that maybe there was an agency or relationship here with some

humanoid faction and the aliens. Is that correct?

Vicki: That's correct. There is a definite connection between them.

The Men-in-Black

Scott: The next time that we got together was April 26, 1990, and before we started the hypnosis session with Dr. Christoffersen, you mentioned to her and me that you thought that you had seen somebody that you recognized from approximately one year ago in downtown Lincoln, apparently during a lunch break or while you were doing an errand, or had some occasion to be out on the streets of downtown Lincoln (and this, again, would be in the April 1990 time period) that you believed that you recognized from a year ago. You believed that this person was following you and had been following you for about two weeks. You had seen this person at various places. Can you elaborate on this? Can you tell us what that was about?

Vicki: Well, some people might call these individuals MIBs, or Men-in-Black. I really have no idea who or what they are, but this individual was indeed dressed in black from head to toe, wore dark glasses and dark clothing. I knew that this person was looking at me and watching me, but I didn't realize why. And this was not the first time that this happened, that someone had followed me and had even shown up across town after I had driven someplace. They were still there, still with me. I don't know what they wanted. I never really felt threatened by them. They always kept their distance. On this occasion and several others, there was just one being. There have been times, though, when there were more than one, and they were maybe in a vehicle that was following.

Scott: A closed-minded skeptic might say that this is a case of somebody becoming paranoid, their imagination running wild and looking in a crowd of people and thinking that they are seeing the same individual at numerous places around town. How would you respond to that?

Vicki: I would say that's a bunch of hogwash because on one instance, this became such a frequent event for a couple of weeks that, on one occasion, I just became aggravated with the whole thing and decided to turn the tables. I started to cross the street and approach these individuals, and they crossed an intersection in three different directions to avoid my approach. I followed them into the



Centrum shopping center, and they disappeared at this point, right after they opened the doors. I pretty much searched the whole place from top to bottom and couldn't find them. But they were obviously trying to get away from me and avoid any close contact.

Artesia

Scott: After you described your experiences to us, we began the hypnosis session of April 26, 1990, and there was kind of a different feeling to that session that Dr. Christoffersen and I talked about after the session was over. There wasn't the sense so much that you were giving past information. It seemed that after the hypnosis began, you went into a deep trance and you, in effect, were giving us almost real time information.

You told us that the Protector was trying to tell you some things, and then you mentioned that there was a place called "Artesia" (spelled in accordance with other sites named Artesia) in North America, in the United States. There are hot conditions there—weather-wise and temperature-wise. "Artesia" is a "place on the map," some desert, some trees or a green belt area, rolling ground. The Protector was either underground or inside a building or someplace where there was no sun.

The Protector saw three people—one female and two males—wearing white, one-piece outfits with clear shields over their faces. I assume that these were humans that the Protector was seeing. He then said that he wanted to die rather than be held in captivity and be tested. You told us that the Protector said that water was flowing above him, where he was being kept, and, Vicki, you told us during the hypnosis session that either you can't, or that you don't, choose to cease your involvement with the beings and the Protector because of the "children" and your link with the Protector.

About the name "Artesia"—we didn't have any sort of a state or any specific area that we had to go from. I did some cursory checking through an encyclopedia and some atlases and found references to probably half a dozen Artesias in the continental United States—in particular, in South Dakota, Mississippi, California, and New Mexico. I don't know, Vicki, if it was my sense or if it was your sense, but I focused on New Mexico and, through an engineering friend of mine, got highly detailed maps of Artesia, New Mexico, and I found that the Pecos

River runs north and south by Artesia, New Mexico, and as it runs along the eastern edge of town, it curves around the south edge of town and then runs west. This would seem to represent a water source that the Protector had referred to—as if he were either hearing water, or was underneath water, or hearing sounds of water.

I am also aware that the reference to water could also refer to a form of air conditioning equipment that utilizes water as a recirculant. I think they call them swamp coolers. Maybe that was what was being referred to. I am at least open to that. From looking at the topography of the Artesia area on the map, I felt that the rolling terrain, the green belt following the river, and the desert-like conditions mentioned by the Protector seemed to fit that area pretty well.

Jumping ahead a little bit, in 1992, while attending the Mutual UFO Network conference in Albuquerque, after the conference was over, I drove down and spent the better part of a day in the Artesia area, and, again, from my on-site inspection and from my time spent there, it again seemed as if the actual physical description of the conditions of the town fit the description that you gave us during the hypnosis session of April 26, 1990.

In your mind, how certain are you that it is Artesia, New Mexico? Could it be Artesia someplace else?

Vicki: Your first instinct was correct. New Mexico is the place. There is no doubt.

Scott: And the Artesia, New Mexico, area is where you were told by the Protector that he was being held and that there was a facility there that apparently had to do with children. Do you also believe that you had been there yourself during one or more of your contact experiences?

Channeling

Vicki: I don't think that I had been there prior to April of 1990, but, like you mentioned earlier, there was something very different about that hypnosis session, and I didn't really realize that until quite some time after that, when I had more recall. Typically during sessions of hypnosis, I would recall things and then they would almost instantly be lost again, and generally I would have some recall again within a few days and remember everything that we talked about. That wasn't the case with this session. The information seemed to elude me for quite awhile.

But when I did remember, I recalled the session being almost more like a session of channeling rather than just regressive hypnosis.

Scott: If there was some sort of a real time link that was established between the Protector and you during that hypnosis session—

Vicki: Exactly. And it is very unusual. I have never done channeling. I don't claim to be a channeler, but I think our connection, mine and the Protector's, was so strong that we were able to meet on some level and exchange that information. And after that occurred and that information came out, and it came from the Protector, I think that might have changed the experiences and the direction that the Others took after that. I think that might have changed their plan a little bit because I actually had more substantial information at that time that might or might not be harmful to them or whomever else it was that they were working with. So I had a location, and I had information about that location and what was transpiring there.

Scott: In terms of our chronology here, as these events unfolded, I then began to try to do some research—albeit armchair research—in Lincoln on the Artesia, New Mexico, area. I didn't tell a lot of people about my interest in that area. The people who were aware of my initial interest in Artesia were probably yourself, Dr. Christoffersen, my friend at the engineering firm that I got the maps from—and that's probably about it.

An Anonymous Letter

I then received a letter that was mishandled in the mail. It came to me in a plastic bag that the post office provides for people's mail that has been slightly damaged. Indeed, there was a tear in the envelope. The envelope itself, as well as the contents of the single page of paper, looked to have been printed in a black felt-tipped pen or a marker of some sort. It was addressed to me, in care of my bookstore location at that time. I felt that perhaps it was significant because I had done some telephoning from the bookstore, trying to track down the maps from my friend at the engineering firm. I'm listed in the Lincoln phone book. It seemed interesting that the letter was sent to my bookstore address, as opposed to my home address, as if perhaps (and it is only conjecture on my part) that whoever wrote this letter wanted me to know that they were making a distinction between my home address and my

bookstore. Perhaps it is because I did, as I say, the fact-finding by phone initially from my bookstore location.

The note that was postmarked Lincoln, Nebraska, May 14, 1990, was a friendly warning. I showed the letter to a member of the Lincoln police department, who told me that because there was no direct threat implied, they couldn't do much more about the letter and to keep them posted if I was contacted again in this manner. I haven't been. But after receiving the letter, I kept this fact quiet. I think that my wife was the only immediate person who knew about my receiving the letter—the friendly warning to cease and desist about Artesia.

I then called researcher Bill Hamilton, publisher of *Cosmic Top Secret*, who was at that time, and still is, interested in allegations of underground alien facilities and bases. I called Mr. Hamilton to inquire if he would be available for a radio date so that we could do an interview with him on the locally produced radio show "Exploring Unexplained Phenomena." We set a date for May 26, 1990, to talk on the air on KZUM-FM.

An Anonymous Phone Call

On Thursday, May 24, 1990, you and I had a session with Dr. Christoffersen, and you told us that you had received a phone call from somebody at work that week, on Tuesday. You thought that you recognized the voice. You were told not to think about the Protector, to forget about him, and it seemed as if this was, again, sort of an intimidation directed toward you. Whether it was effective or not remains to be seen. I don't think that stopped your interest or involvement. We did the hypnosis session then, and you reiterated during hypnosis that during the phone call Tuesday, you were told not to pursue this any further. It was unfortunate that you got "involved," but that "you can't help. You must forget." You told us that you thought the caller was the man in the black suit that you had seen four times recently in Lincoln, that you felt that he knew that you knew that it was him, and you made a comment too that you felt that he knew what you were thinking—at least the thinking process or some of your activities then.

Before I go any further with the chronology of the events, do you have anything to add at this point?

Vicki: No. Mostly just to affirm what you



said about them, or him, knowing what I was thinking. This was the same monotone voice that I had heard in previous phone calls, and I can't tell you why I felt that this was the same person who I saw on the street, but I feel that it was, or an agent thereof. They might all be the same—I don't know. It was kind of a shocking thing. I had phone calls at home, but to have one at work, in the middle of my workday, reinforces this issue that I am not to think about the Protector or talk about him and not to pursue the matter—that was a little disarming.

Scott: You mentioned, Vicki, that during this period of time, you also had an incident that maybe would be a Man-in-Black incident, while you were working at that time at a downtown office supply store, seated at your desk, which was located behind a sales counter. You heard a noise, you looked up, and you saw two individuals—a man and a woman, both dressed in white, who were standing in front of you. Apparently, they seemed to think that you had become so engrossed in your desk work that you hadn't heard them walk around the sales counter and approach your desk. You then began to push yourself up from your desk to stand up and converse with them. When you did, however, nobody was there. From memory, can you add anything more to that? Had you seen them before?

Vicki: That was a startling event. I felt that I had seen them before, but I can't say for sure. It's like I recognized them from somewhere and then I made the connection with what the Protector had said during that session of hypnosis in April about the people in white jumpsuits. And these were two of those people, and they were as physical to me as you are, Scott—and standing within four feet of me. They seemed—you know—to be real physical forms. And as I went to push my chair back from my desk and stand, they were gone just that quickly. I also experienced incidents of seeing the face of the Protector in my computer monitor. I don't know if there was any connection between those two incidents, but they seemed to happen about the same time, and that might have been just because I was thinking about him so intently at the time. The more they told me not to think about him, the more I thought about him as someone I had come to care about. I was very concerned about his well-being and with what was happening to him at that time.

Scott: We've referenced several times to the aspect of children and this Artesia location. Before I

go further, I would like to have you talk about this matter of the children.

Experiments with Children

Vicki: Okay. There were many incidents of connection between myself and the Protector that involved the mention of children being at that location, both hybrid children and human children. They were undergoing some type of testing, both physical and psychological. They were being monitored very closely. As time went on and I began to have experiences where I was taken to this location, I witnessed both hybrid and human children there, and they seemed to be watched very carefully by both human and what appeared to be alien beings. They were having interaction with both. I felt that I was taken there on more than one occasion to have some kind of contact with the hybrid children. The point of one incident seemed to be how I could communicate with them without talking to them and how I could get them to communicate with me, and we weren't supposed to talk to each other. I encountered about six of what I would call hybrid children, who looked to be both human and alien, or part of the Others, or some other species.

Scott: Were there human beings in addition to these hybrid children? Were there aliens, non-humans, present?

Vicki: There were both humans and non-humans present during my experiences with the children.

Scott: What were the humans dressed like? What did they look like?

Vicki: Mostly they wore what you would call white jumpsuits, as though they were protecting themselves and the children from contact, or maybe it was just to maintain a laboratory-type atmosphere. I don't know. The children didn't seem to be disturbed by it, but then they didn't seem to be highly emotional. It seemed like they hadn't learned emotions yet.

Scott: What was the nature of the immediate surroundings that the children were in?

Vicki: It was what I could call a laboratory-like atmosphere—a very white room with benches and things built to come out of the wall. Nothing really in the center of the room. They were more or less sitting around the edges, waiting for their turn at whatever.

Scott: And could you reiterate again why

you thought you were taken there? Were you taken there to be with the children? If so, what was your task or job there?

Vicki: I felt that I was supposed to help them develop their communication skills and their emotions. I don't really understand that. I am not really clear about that because I'm not what you would call a psychic person. I have really strong intuition but I don't have what you would call psychic abilities. I don't understand why they would think I could do this. But they didn't seem upset, even though there was no progress.

Scott: Were you led to believe, were you told, or did you feel or intuit that any of these children were yours? Or perhaps came from your eggs?

Vicki: The smaller children—perhaps one or two of those. Later, there was contact between myself and the Protector and six children of varying ages, the oldest of which would be in their early teens, I would say. And these indeed had some connection with myself—some physical connection—so I believe that they might have been my children. They may have been taken as fetuses or they may have been taken as ovum at some time and developed by this other species.

Scott: Do you know what the purpose for the hybrid children is?

Vicki: The information that I have received through the Others, through the Protector, is that their race is very, very old, and they are using this process to renew their race. They have no other means of reproduction other than to do this.

Scott: John Salter, Professor John Salter, from the University of North Dakota, spoke at our conference in 1993 and said that half-breeds, the hybrids between humans and non-humans, would serve a very useful purpose in helping to integrate similar yet different species into the fabric of society. Was it your thought, Vicki, that these children would remain there at this facility? Were they being tested upon, experimented upon, or would they eventually . . .

Vicki: I understood that the children were to be taken back to another world for a time. Not to remain here.

Scott: Did you see the Protector there at this facility?

Vicki: Yes. He was kept away from me when I was brought there to interact with the

children, but I could feel his presence. I can't explain to you how I could feel his presence, but I did. At one point, when he became very weak—and I believe ill—from his constant testing and contact with these humans or what other individuals, I'm not sure, I feel that myself and six children, like I mentioned, of different ages were brought in. At first, it seemed like some type of a memorial, where the Protector was laid out on a table, and we were all gathered around him and all were to touch him. I was to put my hand on his forehead. At that time, I thought that perhaps he was very close to death, but that was not the case. This turned out to be some type of a healing process. After that, I did not see those children again, but I did see the Protector during later experiences. After the healing process, he was released from, or left, that location and resumed his previous position with the Others making these contacts, and I don't feel that I was the only one who was being contacted and used in this manner.

Radio Signal Vanishes

Scott: Going back, Vicki, to our chronology of events, through the session that we did with Dr. Christoffersen on April 26, 1990, that was our reference then, the first time that we heard about the Artesia reference. I began doing research on Artesias and came to believe that it might be Artesia, New Mexico. I then received a letter postmarked May 14, and we talked about the letter and the contents of this letter. You then received a phone call—that would have been approximately May 22—warning you to have nothing to do with the Protector, not to think about him or focus on him or contact him in any way. Then came the interview with Bill Hamilton on KZUM-FM, during the broadcast of my program "Exploring Unexplained Phenomena" on Saturday, May 26, 1990.

At about 32 minutes into the program, Bill and I were talking, and I mentioned something like, "Bill, let's talk now about the alleged alien presence on planet Earth and underground alien bases." At that point, the transmitter supplying power for the radio station to broadcast its signal went off the air. Bill and I kept recording our interview on an audiocassette, as people meantime were scrambling around the studio, trying to find out why it had gone off the air, and how to get it back on the air.

Bob Malmquist was called. He got into his car and came down to the station, and he manually



restarted the transmitter without effort, without mishap. We went back on the air with approximately six minutes left then in the one-hour broadcast. We were off the air for just about 22 minutes.

After the radio broadcast, I asked the engineer, Bob Malmquist, to go into the production studio at KZUM, where I asked him questions about what had just happened from his standpoint as an engineer. He told me that, basically, there are two alternatives to consider when a transmitter at a radio station goes off the air.

First, there could be a component that, in the process of going bad, overheats and melts down some wiring inside itself. Sometimes the melting down of the wiring literally heals the component so it can be brought on-line again. When the transmitter is restarted, the transmitter will supply power, it will work again until, at some point, it reheats and then takes itself off the air through a protection circuit, ad nauseam. If one follows this scenario, then there should be an interruption of the power supply, or rather, if one follows this scenario, then there should be further breakdowns to the same component when it is restarted and fails, then restarted, and so forth.

Second, another possible alternative would be that there could be an interruption of the power supply, however momentarily, that would activate a protection circuit and take the transmitter off the air. This interruption could be a power fluctuation or something on-line with the power supply and the local electrical company. Or the interruption to the power of the transmitter could take place through outside intervention—someone or somebody intentionally, momentarily, interrupting the power and then either physically switching the breaker and the power supply back to an "on" position, or an intervention happening through a device of some sort that could be remote controlled.

An Underground Base

First of all, we didn't notice any sort of fluctuation in the power supply there in the air studio. If it had been a power fluctuation confined to that area of Lincoln, there should have been lights flickering and that sort of thing. We noticed none of that. There were approximately four people there—both in the studio, as well as in the outer office. The utility closet that the power box and panel is in for the transmitter is kept unlocked for fire regulations. It is conceivable that somebody could

have taken up position in this closet, which is located two floors underneath our broadcast location and then, listening to a hand-held radio or through some other means of monitoring the radio broadcast, chose the exact time when we were talking on air about the alien presence in underground bases and then threw the breaker from an "on" position to an "off" position, and then back to "on," and then vacated and left the premises. As I stated earlier, the engineer manually restarted the transmitter and it operated fine. As of June 18, the transmitter had not gone off-line, and there had been no other interruption of service. The chance of an internal component basically taking itself off-line and then not doing the same thing in the future, within the next three or four weeks, is very, very slim. No further problems that I am aware of were associated with that transmitter going off-line from that date of the radio broadcast of May 26, 1990.

It's an interesting chronology of events. We had some phone calls, we had a letter received by me, we had some poltergeist and Men-in-Black activities trying to intimidate or scare you off, or perhaps using the reverse angle, maybe make you so intent on finding out that you would follow through on all the stuff at all costs. I felt at this point that there were so many coincidences that were taking place that there had to be something perhaps significant or very real about this.

The Artesia, New Mexico, area is approximately 40 miles north of Carlsbad Caverns in the southeastern corner of New Mexico and, by the same token, approximately 40 miles south of Roswell, New Mexico. I have heard from several people that not all of the caverns at Carlsbad have been documented or mapped. There is an extensive underground tunnel system or series of connecting caverns that physically haven't been mapped or explored yet. It is conceivable, or perhaps possible, that, in fact, the cavern system could extend far beyond Carlsbad—maybe up through the Artesia, New Mexico, area. In addition, the engineering topographical maps that I had a chance to look at of the Artesia, New Mexico, area indicated that there were a number of apparent former government or military installations that were no longer in use in that area, some of which would lie along the Artesia/Pecos River area or perhaps adjoin that area. So it's conceivable that, indeed, there was at least in the late 80s or early 90s, some activity there that perhaps had

to do with an underground base or facility—with both alien and human personnel.

During my fact-finding trip in July 1992, I talked with several individuals, law enforcement and media in the Artesia area, and they didn't have a lot of current information to go on, but one of them told me that Artesia was the site of the first underground school in the country. During the Cold War, with all the military weapons testing going on in New Mexico, that area would have been one of the first-strike areas that the Soviet bloc would have retaliated against—or perhaps be on a first-strike basis to launch a missile towards, so an underground school was built. It is extreme conjecture on my part, as I said previously in print in a newsletter of the Fortean Research Center, but perhaps this underground school also allowed an alien or hybrid presence to perhaps monitor children, perhaps to study their psychological or emotional developments—their characteristics, so to speak.

As we talk here during this interview today, Vicki, are you at all certain that Artesia, New Mexico, is the site of—or at least was the site of—some activity with aliens and humans?

Vicki: I am very certain that it was—and still is—the site of some kind of interaction. I think their research might be changing slightly. I think they've gotten past developing the hybrid beings and now they are studying the interaction between the hybrids and humans and the development of both. I think they are very concerned about children and what part they play. Like I said before, there were a lot of human children there, and this is speculation on my part, but it could even account for some missing children turning up in a location like that, where absolutely no one would ever look for them.

Ed Dames' Prediction

Scott: Vicki, I find it interesting that in the September 1993 issue of *Fate* magazine, in an interview with Ed Dames, Dames said that their remote viewers had located an underground installation in the Chaco Canyon area, or someplace within 100 miles radius of Chaco Canyon, and also a second site, in which female aliens with hybrid children were in some state of suspended animation, or some holding process. Chaco Canyon certainly is in the opposite corner of the state from Artesia, New Mexico. I wondered in the last two weeks if Ed Dames' predictions, as founder and president of Psi

Tech, that there is going to be some sort of alien manifestation or event between now (mid summer) and August 1993 could have been a way of diffusing attention away from New Mexico, as a whole, and perhaps Artesia, specifically. If the time period comes and goes and there is no alien manifestation or alien presence of activity that we can say with certainty was of alien origin, then Ed Dames and his crew are purportedly leaving the UFO business. This might also send a message to people that there is no underground base in New Mexico. That was all connected with that prediction that was made by Ed Dames and perhaps it might take interest away from researching the opposite corner of the state. This could be a classic case of misdirection, of getting people to look elsewhere besides the Artesia area.

We're certainly interested as people read this article to hear from readers if anybody has some information to offer about Artesia, New Mexico.

Where is the Protector now, Vicki? Do you have any sense of where he is now?

Vicki: As far as I know, he is back with the Others, his people, resuming their testing, researching and investigating humans and the interaction between them and his people. He has not been taken back to that location, but I think that is still a viable facility and, most probably, there are many, many more in that area and maybe even throughout that area of the United States. There is research going on there. I have been there, I have seen it, and there is no doubt in my mind about that—all the evidence points to that. I am not alone. There are other people who have experienced the same thing, or something similar, who have also been taken to these facilities. I don't feel that our danger comes from the alien individuals because I think that some of their purposes and their motives are more clear-cut than the motives of, say, our government or military or scientific community. It is really hard to say who is creating the danger in this situation. I don't feel that it is the Others. I don't feel that it is this particular group of alien beings. There may be many, many other groups involved in doing their own kinds of research, but I don't feel that they alone are creating a dangerous situation.

Missing Notes

Scott: We met again several times after this mid-1990 period of time, and during a session on September 13, 1990, you related to Dr. Christoffersen



and me that you had either lost, misplaced, or someone had stolen some notes that you had written during the previous week, during a break at your then-place of employment. Being on break, you had written some notes about Artesia and the beings, the Protector, and the children. You had written three, or better than three, pages of notes during your break and left the upstairs powder room and went to your desk and put the notes in a tote bag in loose-leaf fashion. You drove home, took a shower, and discovered apparently after taking the shower, that your notes were missing. You had, as you say in the past, some pages taken from your journal, from your notes, that you made about your experiences. These attempts perhaps at manipulation, trying to control you or intimidate you—how do you feel about them?

Vicki: Well, I think that sometimes their methods work because I have been frightened, and I have been intimidated and manipulated in the past, and to this day, some things have happened that are very unnerving. The only thing I can say is—the more I find out, the more I understand. When something like the missing notes happens, I say, "Well, okay, this is the game they want to play, so I won't make notes. I can remember what I want to know and I don't need to write it down." Then I'll spend several months resisting journaling the information because I know that they'll just come along and remove it. And in a way, that is giving in to the intimidation, so more recently, I've come to the conclusion that I am not going to give in, and I am not going to stop talking about it, and I'm not going to keep to myself the information that I have gotten. It's time to let the cat out of the bag and let everybody in on it. The more who know and are aware, the better off we're going to be. Somebody is going to find out the truth sooner or later.

Scott: You've had some ongoing health problems. Do you feel that these are somehow connected to your encounters and abductions?

Vicki: They might be. I can't say that they are, for sure. It may just be the natural course of events, but they do seem to have some strong connection to certain events.

Scott: Apparently you last had contact with the Protector in August 1990 at Artesia. During a session, again a hypnosis session, with Dr. Christoffersen on January 1, 1991, after the hypnosis began, you told Dr. Christoffersen that you wanted to go. You asked to go with the Protector and the

children to a dark place. You saw them several days after New Year's Day, which would have been in early 1991. You were sleeping, heard yourself called, woke up, and the room was full of light. You were unsure of where you were and found yourself at the side of the Protector. He was lying down and the "children" were there. The Protector and the children were being tested by scientists at Artesia. There was a discussion whether you could go with the Protector. You were told that you couldn't. It was hard to breathe there.

During an earlier hypnosis, you described a foggy room in which it was hard to breathe. Here is another reference to this breathing difficulty. You found yourself floating—at least you had the sensation of doing so—and then you found yourself at home about 3:30 in the morning. You also asked your higher self during the hypnosis session about a miscarriage, and apparently you responded and said that they (and I take that to be the aliens), in part, caused the miscarriage by what they did. They didn't know you were pregnant.

Is this the last time that you have had contact with the Protector? During either August 1990 in Artesia or during early 1991, were you onboard some sort of a craft?

The Tall Beings

Vicki: No. I have had several experiences with them since then and, more recently, within the last couple of years, I have also had experiences with another type of being. For me, that confirms the fact that they are not the only ones visiting us and doing some type of investigation of our—the human species—and doing some kind of interaction. The beings that I had the most recent contact with are quite different from the Others. They are very, very tall beings. They look very different physically from the Others, but they do not seem to have the mental or psychic abilities to really communicate. You feel more like a laboratory animal—"We're gonna catch it, we're gonna hold it down, we're gonna do what we need to do and then we'll take it back"—that's what you sense they're thinking. And there is no explanation, there is no comforting "Don't worry, it's gonna be all right—we won't hurt you." There is nothing of this nature from these beings.

Scott: I don't mean to sound facetious or moronic or sophomoric, but there is almost a sense that your name and your whereabouts is being sort of

passed around the aliens' card table, so to speak, and, you know, it's like "For a good human being, call Vicki."

Do you have any sense that this group of beings is connected with the Protector and with his species?

Vicki: I think their only connection is that they are aware of them. On a couple of different occasions, they have requested information from me that was given to me by the Others. They have wanted to know both their location and some other information, so I believe that that might be the only connection. I don't really have a sense that they're working together or anything like that. Perhaps their picking me up was by accident. I really don't know.

Scott: Researchers and authors like John Keel, Jacques Vallee, and Mark Davenport suggest that aliens will lie and not tell the truth when it suits their agenda or their purpose. Given that statement, how do you feel about the information that you have been given by the Protector? Is it on the mark? Or are they deceiving you for some purpose that you are not aware of?

Vicki: That's a loaded question, Scott.

Scott: How so?

Reflections

Vicki: I feel that the Protector has been honest with me about their intentions and what their purposes are. I don't feel now, at this time, that I've been used for some subversive reason that is going to inevitably harm humankind. I think they're just more or less researchers and that they are trying to preserve their own race. They felt that they could do that with our help, but they probably found out enough about human nature beforehand to know that we weren't just going to climb up on the table and say, "Do what you will. Here we are to help." So they had to go about it in a rather underhanded way.

Now there are some people out there who will say, "Well, if they would just come out in the open and say—This is what we need and we really need your help—" there are people who would help, who would offer their assistance. And those are the humanitarians among us. But there are others who would be frightened and wish to turn that around and use it against these other beings just because they don't want contact from the outside. They can't deal with another race—much less another species. Those are the negative thinkers.

At times, experiences that seem frightening might not be so frightening if you just understand what's going on. I feel that as time has gone on, I have a lot more understanding about the situation. I could be totally off the mark here, Scott, and this could be all one big game on their part. I might be the biggest fool of all time. But, in all honesty, I don't think so.

Scott: Well, it strikes me, Vicki, that considering everything that we've talked about, there are so many synchronicities and layers of complexity in your information, your experiences, and your contacts that either you've had very, very real experiences, which were accurately reported by you—information that is very accurate—or there is somebody or something that wants us all to believe this information to the exclusion of something else.

Vicki: It's a pretty good cover if that is what is happening, Scott.

Scott: If you had the opportunity to be able to say something to the Protector, if he was here right now during the interview, what would you say to him?

Vicki: I would say that they really must talk to some influential individuals who are of the positive thinkers and release the information that people need to know in a manner that will not frighten them. They may be from someplace very, very far away. They maybe from right here—from our future—or from our past. They are living beings, and I think that we all need to stick together.

Scott: Vicki, what's important for people to understand about your experiences with these non-human beings and the events surrounding Artesia? What's important for people to know and understand?

Vicki: I think it's important for people to realize that this isn't a game. Most of us who are having these experiences are not psychologically disturbed. We're not hallucinating. We don't have some an as-yet-undiagnosed psychosis. Those who are really serious about investigating their experiences—if they've been in contact with true professionals—they've gone through the psychological testing and pretty much have had those possibilities removed from the picture. That is the case with myself. I feel that I've had very professional and helpful guidance during this whole process, and it is still ongoing. It will probably continue for a long time until I get all the answers that I need.



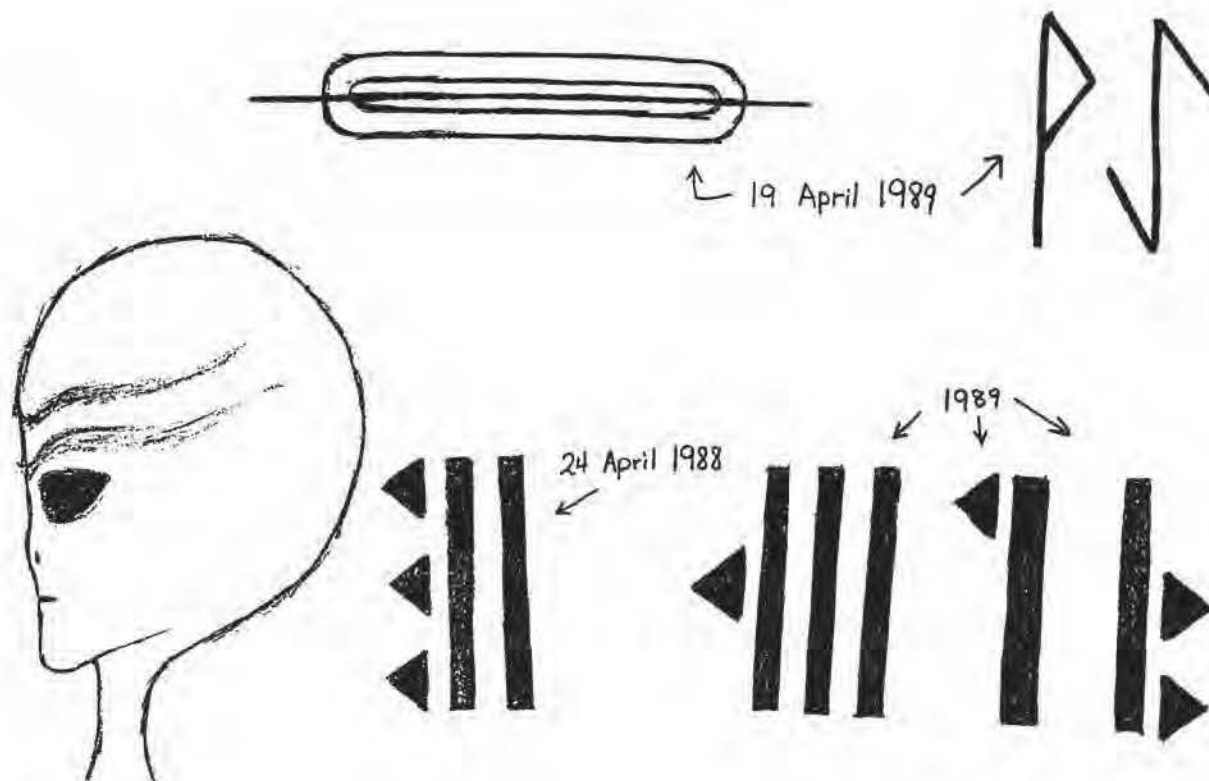
Scott: It is certainly not the entire government that is involved in a joint facility in Artesia, be it New Mexico or wherever that may be, because the government is, in essence, we—we, the people. It appears to be that factions or elements within the government or military are involved in this for reasons and benefits that we don't know and can only speculate about. We can't accuse the entire government of keeping a lid on this information and perhaps not honoring the experiences of people who have been abducted and who have had contacts like you have. Rather, it is the factions, the small minority within the military and government that appears to be involved. They are perhaps the culprits here. If there is experimentation going on with children, human children as well as hybrid children, that should be of concern to everyone reading this article. If there are allegations of cooperation between scientists or the military and non-human beings, that should also be of interest to people reading this article. I don't think that we can look

towards the government, Vicki, to necessarily give us all the answers that we need. I think it has to be through our own individual efforts and our own search to try to uncover the truth—or as much truth as we can come across. And I want to thank you very much for sharing your experiences and your truths. Can people contact you through the Fortean Research Center if they have any comments or questions for you?

Vicki: That would be fine.

Scott: Would you encourage that?

Vicki: Yes. I would appreciate any input whatsoever from anyone who has questions about the situation. I'll try and answer any questions I can. Everybody needs to look for their own information, and, like you said, Scott, I don't think that we're going to get the answers from the government. If indeed this kind of research is going on, and there is a trade-off of technology, and the government is no longer in control of the situation—we the people need to look into it and find out what's happening. □



Illustrations by Vicki Stadler

A Psychologist's Statement

by Dr. Julia Christoffersen

Vicki first came to my office in March of 1989. My initial client in a project to help those reporting missing time and investigate possible UFO contact, I knew little about abductions and other UFO phenomena. I therefore had no reference point from which to lead her during hypnosis sessions.

In order to ascertain Vicki's mental health, I had her complete a standardized psychological test and did an in-depth clinical interview. Results of the testing indicated that Vicki was in the normal range of psychological functioning. My contact with her in the interview and during hypnosis sessions confirmed this result. Vicki is an individual who is likely to downplay the experiences revealed in hypnosis and is very unwilling to draw attention to herself. In the years I have known Vicki, I have never seen her use the information uncovered in hypnosis to gain attention or for self-aggrandizement.

An excellent hypnotic subject, Vicki consistently attains a medium- to deep-level trance. She reports events in a clear and chronological order—except when the emotional intensity is so great that she requires additional time to work through emotional blocks to painful memories. She uses the information gained in hypnosis to further her self-understanding and overcome fears. The term "higher self" is used to label the aspect of Vicki that is most wise and aware. We often begin hypnosis sessions asking this part of her to assist in developing questions and accessing information that would be most personally useful to Vicki. It was hoped this would also decrease the risk of uncovering too much

painful material before she was ready to integrate it consciously. Those of us involved in the hypnotic sessions were careful to ask Vicki open-ended questions—that is, questions that permitted spontaneous and unguided responses.

The session when Artesia was first mentioned was a departure from Vicki's normal trance process. In particular, on May 24, 1990, Vicki suddenly shifted to a description of an examination scene, quite out of context of the flow of her discussion that day. Believing that she had spontaneously regressed to one of her own UFO abductions, Scott Colborn and I began asking questions to ascertain where she was. It was then that Artesia was indicated, and the being that Vicki had referred to as the Protector identified himself as channeling through her. Once out of trance, Vicki had involuntary and unsolicited amnesia of the entire trance period—a common occurrence for those in a deep-trance state. However, upon our next meeting on June 21, 1990, Vicki still had no recollection of the session, when normally she regains at least partial memory after a few days. It seemed that something different had occurred during the session that day in May.

Following a great deal of deliberation on any possible psychological explanations or ulterior motives, I have uncovered no likely motive or psychiatric condition that would explain her reports under hypnosis.

Dr. Julia Christoffersen, Ph.D.



Letters from Artesia Residents

[Note: The following is an accurate copy of a handwritten letter received by Scott H. Colborn. No changes have been made to the grammar, spelling, or content.]

Dear Mr. Colborn,

My sister and I are writing in regards to the article wrote in the Artesia Daily Press, about the UFO incident in or around Artesia, New Mexico. There had been talk of seeing strange objects in the sky the night before [Editor's note: approximately May or June of 1987]. The following night me and my sister saw something strange in the sky, and decided to follow it. We followed it close to an underground school and saw them land in a pasture nearby, amongst a bunch of trees. We saw a big, strange object land, and something red shot out of it. Then some smaller ones landed there right after. We could not enter with the car, it is a fenced and private land, where there are horses and cows. We saw light amongst the trees, and shadows moving. We decided to go around to see if we could get a better view.

When going around we saw another one, we stopped to look, and then lost it in mid-air. We looked up, and one was hovering right above us. It was so close we could see something standing in it. It was lit up and we could see right in it. We got scared and tried to leave, and the car wouldn't move. It came straight down towards us, then flew into the field also, and then the car could move. I believe the incident happened around May or June of 1987. If you need the exact date, we could probably find out for you.

Signed

[Names on file with the Fortean Research Center]

[Note: I called and talked with one of the sisters on September 11, 1993, and asked if there was anything

else strange, unusual, or out of the ordinary that had taken place since her letter of August 1992. She said there was nothing new to report, except when asked, she did remember the low-flying planes three or four weeks ago. She said that she was sleeping and was sure that one or more of them were going to crash because they were so low and loud. I asked her to keep me informed of events in the Artesia area and thanked her for her initial letter.]

Scott H. Colborn



[Note: The following is an accurate copy of a handwritten letter received by Scott H. Colborn. No changes have been made to the grammar or content.]

August 22, 1992

Dear Scott Colborn,

I am writing this letter in response to your article in the local "Artesia" paper, the article mentioned a woman being abducted by an U.F.O.? and taken to an underground facility of some kind; it might interest you to know that there are several "underground facilities" within a 200-mile radius of Artesia--including the first completely underground elementary school, built in the late 1950's and early 60's; which is still being used as an elementary grade school--located near one of Artesia's "better" residential areas. Carlsbad Caverns, one of the largest underground caverns in the world, is only 2 1/2 hours away to the south of Artesia by car. There are several other caves and caverns all around the area of the famous cavern; to the north of Artesia, there are abandoned Titan and Atlas missile silos scattered throughout the southeastern part of New

Mexico, one silo in particular, has been broken into by curious teenagers from time to time, it is also the closest to Artesia, some 20 miles or less in the village of Lake Arthur. Several other silos are near Roswell, NM, which is only an hour away to the north of Artesia, and is also famous in it's own right for an U.F.O incident at the former Walker Air Base. To the east of Artesia, some 30 miles are the Potash mines, one of which is and has been abandoned for many years, the old Duval mine. Also, but of more recent history is the Waste Isolation Pilot Project or W.I.P.P. (Wipp) is the first proposed "underground" nuclear waste depository--also about a 2 hour drive from Artesia; so what kind of "underground" facility were you looking for near Artesia? We've got plenty of potential sites . . . as for U.F.O sightings? yes we've got plenty of those too. I suppose a lot of the sightings could be attributed to the fact that Artesia, and mainly S.E. New Mexico is in the flight pattern of training for a lot military planes and other military aircraft in route to one of the airbases around Artesia, for example Lolloman Air Force Base is several hours drive by car, to the nearby city of Alamogordo, which is near the White Sands Missile Range--formerly the White Sands Proving grounds--from where Project "Manhattan" was conducted and finally tested as the first Atomic Bomb. And not too far from there by plane or aircraft is the Fort Bliss Military Base in El Paso, Texas. To the north of Artesia of only an hours drive, I've already mentioned the former Walker Air Base in Roswell--now a civilian commercial airport--and often used by members of Air National Guard for training.

The point is there are a lot of military "government" aircraft flying over Artesia on a weekly basis. But for your information I did see a strange sight about 3 years ago . . . I saw 2 "banana" type helicopters with their aft (back) doors open flying at a low altitude over the Pecos River near Artesia--they were in front of an object, I don't know what! At the same time, I thought it looked like a target drone or practice missile, because it appeared to be oblong or bullet shaped with a rear jet or what appeared to be a blue circle of flame coming from the tail of this "thing" and directly behind it was an Apache attack

helicopter--a gunship--with a refueling nozzle in front and it's outline clearly reflected by the light of the "blue flame" directly ahead of it--I watched for several minutes with my 20 x 50 binoculars until they went out of sight--somewhere I'd estimate, just northeast of Roswell--This all took place at around 9:30 p.m. on a summer night a few years ago. My parents home is [location deleted by SHC] about 6 miles east of Artesia or 1 mile east of the Pecos River where this took place . . . Was the object a drone? or something else? Were the banana choppers trying to "catch" it? Why the gunship? You tell me! You're the expert!

Signed

[Name on file with the Fortean Research Center.]

[**Note:** I called and talked with the writer of this letter on September 9, 1993 and on September 12, 1993. I asked him if anything else had taken place in the Artesia area since the writing of his letter to me, approximately a year ago. He told me that he remembered some reports [official or unofficial? SHC] of some cattle mutilations in the area about four years ago. Also, he told me of witnessing low-flying aircraft over the Artesia area for a period of 3-4 weeks, ending about 2-3 weeks ago. According to him, the local Artesia paper had a story about the overflights, attributing them to National Guard training missions, and that they were flying C-130 transport-type turbo-prop airplanes. He told me that he witnessed several of the overflights and that they weren't C-130s. "No props, less than 500 feet over the city, sounded like 747s, silhouette was not of a C-130--looked like possibly B-1 bombers, no cab lights, just wing tip lights. Also with the planes was a fighter, which had one red strobe light. The fighter would turn off the red strobe when making a pass over Artesia and then would turn it back on." He estimated that the fighter was about 1,000 feet in altitude.

I asked him to keep me informed of events or anything unusual in the Artesia area and thanked him for his letter and comments.]

Scott H. Colborn □



Afterwords

I. by Vicki Stadler

It is certain that some of the events that have happened and continue to happen in my life would be considered highly strange by any measure. The explanations that have come to me defy logic and alter my reality. I believe myself to be a relatively well-balanced individual with normal desires and needs. I feel love for family and friends and a strong oneness with our mother earth and all who dwell here and beyond. Most of all, I have great respect and adoration for the force that created us all. I'm not easily swayed; it takes a lot to convince me of anything. They say, "Seeing is believing," yet for years, I doubted my own eyes. I ignored what was happening to me because I had no way to integrate it into my life.

My search for the truth began late in 1987—sparked by the curiosity of Scott Colborn, who fortunately, for me, asked the right questions at the right time. We were on a journey from that point on to find some answers to the questions that plague all researchers and experiencers: Who, what when, where, and why?

Scott was very cautious as we began to explore. He suggested that I start a journal to record thoughts and dreams. Meditation was also discussed in order to help me relax and relieve stress. There were bits and pieces of my experiences in my conscious memory, but it was obvious that I needed help in order to put it all together. Scott seemed to know intuitively that the road would not be an easy one to travel. From the beginning of our journey, Scott's greatest concern was for my feelings and well-being. Whatever information we gained was secondary. I will always be grateful to Scott for being such a caring individual, for going beyond being a researcher and becoming my friend.

The hypnotic regressions that we did, under the careful and gentle guidance of Dr. Julia Christoffersen, were very fruitful. As a team, we began to put the pieces together. I must admit to

being almost as profoundly affected by the compassion that I felt from Scott and Julia, as I was by the truths that we uncovered. It was a time of awakening for all of us.

The facility that I witnessed near Artesia, New Mexico, is used for the study of human and hybrid interaction. Both physical and psychological testing are being conducted on children (human, alien, and hybrid) and adults—for purposes that may never be revealed to us. Both aliens and humans are conducting the tests. What concerns me the most is the exploitation of innocent children and the apparent involvement of our government/military/scientific community. Certain hybrid children, with whom I have a strong connection, have seemingly been used to ensure my cooperation. They've known exactly which buttons to push.

All of the information that we have presented to you in this issue of the *Journal* is true, to the best of our knowledge. We share it openly with you so that you can draw your own conclusions. It is only the tip of the iceberg.

My experiences have changed my life forever, but I consider knowing about them infinitely better than not knowing. The journey has helped me to grow in directions I never even thought of. I will be eternally grateful to Julia, for her kindness and gentle understanding; to Scott, for his strength and wise guidance; to Ron, without whose steadfast love and support my sanity would have been lost; and all the members of our support group, who are there to understand when no one else can.

The experiences continue—and so must my search. If what I have learned can help anyone else, I am always available. Peace.



II. by Scott Colborn

To say that this issue of the *Journal* covers

the complexities and depth of Vicki's paranormal experiences would be erroneous. Our hope in going to print with what you've read is to alert our readers to what may be taking place, in general, with regard to non-human interaction with humans, and, in particular, to events that seem to indicate that there is, or has been, unusual activity in and around the Artesia, New Mexico, area.

In addition, both Vicki and I believe that when a person takes the high ground of coming to terms with his or her unusual experiences and is willing to share them with others, it makes it safer and a little easier for the next person to investigate his or her experiences. If any of the readers of these articles feel empowered in their own lives by attempting to understand or entertain the possibility of what Vicki is reporting, so much the better.

In summary, Vicki has had strange and unusual experiences for many years. Some of her later experiences indicate that she has had interaction with alien/human factions that seem to operate within, and out of, one or more secret installations. She was made aware of one such facility by the name of "Artesia" during a hypnosis session. In that particular hypnosis session, Vicki seemed to have established a "real-time" link with the hybrid being that Vicki has called the "Protector," who has been in many of her unusual experiences. Is there a chance that the link was not a "real-time" event but a hypnotically recalled event from her past? The answer is Yes, although the session itself "felt" so different from other sessions that I lean toward the hypothesis that she had somehow linked up with the Protector and was giving us "real-time" information. Whether or not the information is correct and/or valid remains to be seen. I believe that it is correct, but I have to keep the option open that Vicki was being fed information by somebody, or something, for purposes that aren't apparent at this time.

For the sake of argument, let's first assume that there was a "real-time" link established with the Protector and that the information Vicki acquired and voiced during the hypnosis session was correct and valid. At one point early in that particular hypnosis session, Vicki mentioned that the Protector was, or had been, trying to tell her some information. Vicki then spoke of "Artesia" and said that it was a "place on the map" in the United States. She described it as being desert-like, with hot temperatures, rolling topography with some trees, and that there was a

water source either above the "being" or nearby—and that there was no "sun," which we took to be a reference to a location inside a building or inside an underground facility. The Protector said that he would rather die than be kept in captivity and tested. There was almost an immediate reaction to this information, which both Vicki and I experienced.

Vicki experienced harassment and intimidation—ostensibly, to scare her away from the Protector and to keep her quiet about "Artesia"; seemingly, she was not to work with, or attempt to uncover, more information about her experiences. I myself received an unsigned letter, warning me to cease and desist in my efforts to learn more about "Artesia," and later, the radio program that I was hosting with telephone guest Bill Hamilton was interrupted precisely as I said that we were going to begin talking about the "alien presence on planet Earth, and the allegations of underground alien bases." My statement was immediately followed by the radio transmitter going off-air. Somebody, or something, either wanted Vicki and me to become disinterested—or wanted to push us into being even *more* curious about "Artesia" and Vicki's experiences there.

That there are, and have been, other cities named "Artesia" is without question. There is a possibility, albeit remote in my estimation, that we were inaccurate when we linked the name "Artesia" with New Mexico. However, the topography of Artesia, New Mexico, does seem to fit the description that Vicki gave us during the hypnosis session. The Pecos River may be the water source previously mentioned. I have asked Vicki many times if she is sure that Artesia, New Mexico, is *the* "Artesia," and she has repeatedly said that it is.

Were all of Vicki's contact experiences physically "real?" Were some of the experiences "real" in the sense that they occurred through the vehicle of her unconscious mind? Although I'm far from being a Jungian scholar, I've learned a little from three years of Jungian dream-work with a psychologist in Lincoln and am aware of how the unconscious attempts to reach us through symbol and metaphor. From a Jungian perspective, perhaps the reference to "Artesia" during the hypnosis session was a reference to a metaphor for water as a symbol of the unconscious. According to the *New Webster's Dictionary* (1992) "artesian" is defined as a word that describes "a well made by boring till water is



reached." Could Vicki's unconscious have been attempting to tell her that the experiences came from there? —or through the unconscious mind itself? Again I'm not sufficiently qualified in Jungian theory to answer the question with certainty, but there is the possibility that Vicki's experiences with the Protector may have been through her unconscious, as well as "real-time" physical experiences. It is my belief that there are a growing number of abduction and contact researchers who are considering this possibility in analyzing their reports.

As I told you earlier, I believe that Vicki is telling us the truth and is not attempting to hoax or fool us. Taking this for granted, here are some possibilities for your consideration, and some observations that may or may not be pertinent:

1) The entire series of events with regard to Vicki, the Protector, Artesia, New Mexico, joint alien/human operations, and children and hybrid children held at a secret facility known as Artesia was accurate. Whether or not the facility is still operational as of this writing is another question.

2) The entire series of events have been orchestrated for reasons not currently understood. Somebody, or something, wanted us (and you) to believe that there are aliens in Artesia, who are performing secret experiments possibly involving children, and so forth. Or, perhaps some of the experiences were physically "real," and somebody or something decided to do some "damage control" and orchestrate things so that Vicki and I would react in some fashion favorable to the orchestrators.

3) The relationship between Vicki and the Protector may have developed to a depth that wasn't anticipated, and, again, somebody or something decided to orchestrate events to evaluate the relationship and learn more about human behavior. Was the "Protector" being held captive at the Artesia facility and were children involved in an attempt to gauge the effectiveness of a "link" between Vicki and the Protector? Perhaps an emotional bond was forged between them to test communication pathways and provide further understanding of how we humans react to various stimuli.

4) This is an attempt to sidetrack me and possibly other researchers from other material or areas of interest.

5) The more I think about it, the more I ponder the past revelations, or pronouncements, made by Ed Dames of Albuquerque, New Mexico,

regarding alien activity in the Four Corners area and the idea of an "alien manifestation" occurring there. Were these predictions an attempt to focus attention away from the opposite corner of the state—away from Artesia, Roswell, Carlsbad Caverns, the Waste Isolation Pilot Plant, and so forth? Is Mr. Dames aware of Vicki's experiences in Artesia, New Mexico? I don't know.

6) Could Vicki consciously be dis-informing us? As I said, I believe she is telling the truth.

7) The underground school in Artesia, known as Abo Elementary School, would have been an ideal place to provide non-humans with the opportunity to study children and human relationships up close in a unique setting. The underground school, the first of its kind in the country, is encased in concrete. Although currently in need of repair and renovation, it's still in use. I would be really interested in obtaining any construction information that may exist about the Abo School. The school is still in operation as of this writing, although lengthy talks have been underway regarding renovation or replacement of the school.

8) The Waste Isolation Pilot Plant (WIPP) is targeted for over 10,000 acres near Carlsbad, although significant opposition is being raised by environmentalists and other concerned citizens. According to articles in the *Artesia Daily Press* (July 22, 1992; October 9, 1992), WIPP would involve the transfer of land from the Department of the Interior to the Energy Department, withdrawing WIPP from public access. Is it possible that plans are being formulated to create an alien/human base, masquerading as a nuclear waste plant? According to Don Hancock of the Southwest Research and Information Center in Albuquerque (phone conversation 7/4/94), the White Sands Test Range would be a more likely place for covert activity, given that you can drive all over the WIPP area right now, and you can't have the same public access in the White Sands area. It's something to consider, although I know that I wouldn't want to climb over a fence to see what was there—if a sign were posted that warned me about the risk of nuclear contamination.

9) Vicki identifies the facility at Artesia as a joint facility with both humans and aliens present, and that the Protector was being held captive for a period of time. This facility also purportedly held children, some of which were described by Vicki as

hybrid species that showed characteristics of both human and alien features. Vicki feels that she has been at this facility on more than one occasion during her contact experiences. Vicki and I both feel that the idea of children and hybrid children being held and tested at a secret facility is repugnant and that it is a cause for concern by anyone, although this and other aspects of this report rest on circumstantial evidence.

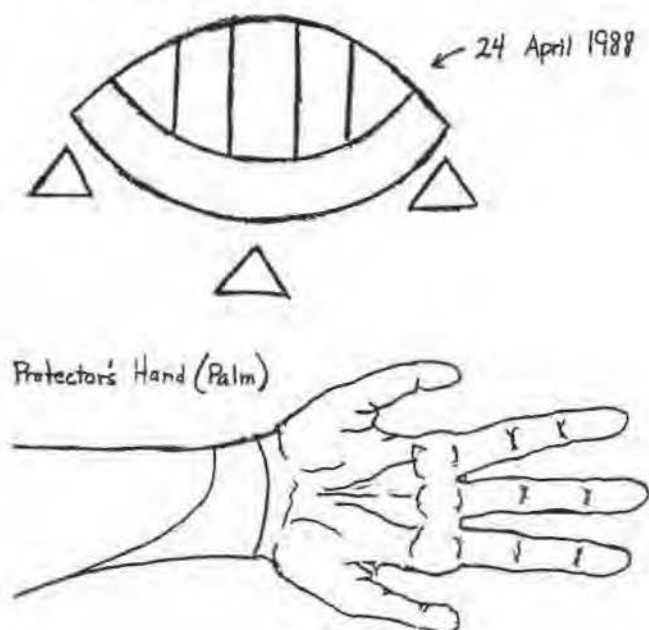
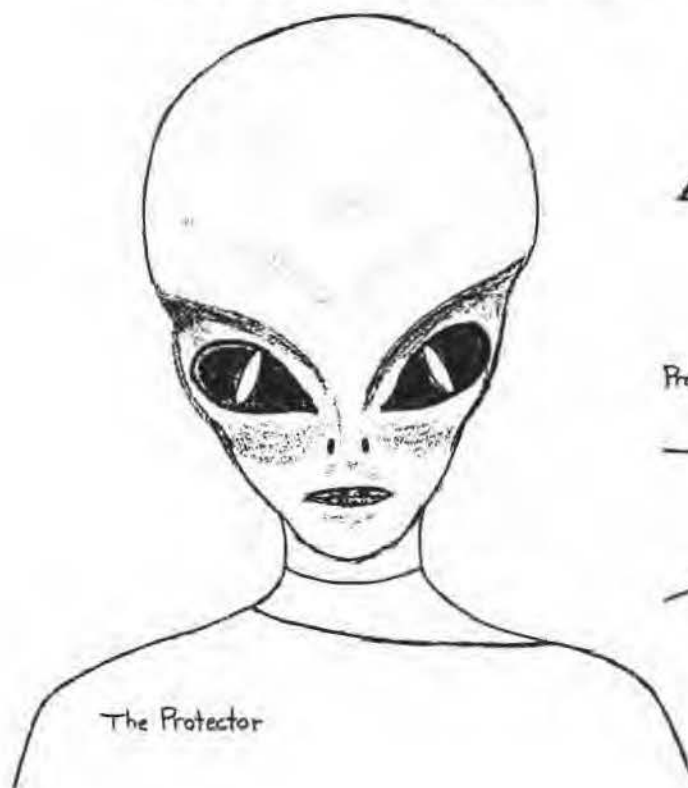
10) When various bits of circumstantial evidence start to point in one direction, should we take more than a casual interest? Yes. Vicki and I believe that the events as depicted in this report illustrate a convergence of circumstantial evidence which seems to link her paranormal experiences with Artesia, New Mexico.

11) Would it be helpful, somehow, to monitor reports of missing children in the Southwest? I don't know. I would be most interested in any reports of school-age children from the Artesia area (or greater southeastern New Mexico) who are experiencing psychological trauma related to nighttime bedroom visitors, strange dreams, abductions, and so forth. Those kids that Vicki saw came from somewhere.

In closing, there are admittedly a lot of holes

here. This is not an air-tight case, and it's full of conjecture, assumptions, and circumstantial evidence. That there may be, or has been, a secret facility in the Artesia area remains to be seen. We have no definite proof. The same can be said of Vicki's experiences with regard to Artesia. We do have a lot of coincidences, harassing phone calls, an anonymous letter, some poltergeist-like experiences, and a radio program cut off at the mention of the "alien presence and alleged underground bases"—all pointing, as we said, towards the Lincoln/Artesia connection. Vicki and I have decided that it's more important to put what we have in front of you and let you decide, than it is for us to continue to sit on this information and await further concrete proof. You may judge us wrong for doing so, but with what may be at stake, we're going to sleep a lot better having done so.

Any information that may be relevant is welcomed. Your observations and constructive criticism are welcomed. Please feel free to give us your suggestions and comments, pro and con. Above all, watch this area of New Mexico. Keep your eyes open—keep your minds open. That's all we can ask of you now. □



Illustrations by Vicki Stadler



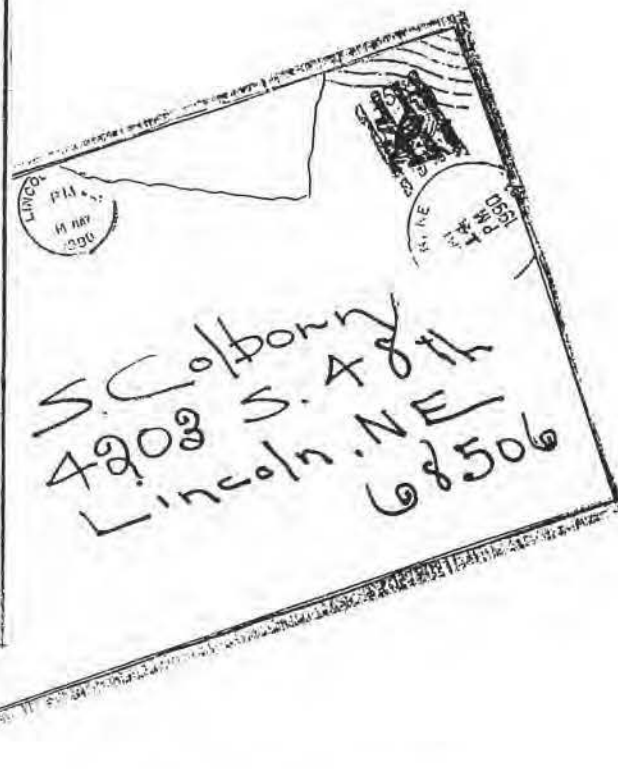
S.C.

Please NO
More questions
about Artesia

This project does not
concern you. V. cannot
alter the course of
events. Her
involvement is
regrettable.

B.C.

He is alive.



Reproduction of the anonymous "cease
and desist" letter received by Scott
Colborn on May 14, 1990

Books

If you would like to read more about the abductee/contactee experience, may we recommend

Healing Shattered Reality: Understanding Contactee Trauma

by

Alice and Linda Seebach

Windflower Press

P.O. Box 230893

Tigard, Oregon 97224

1991 280 pp. \$14.95

Bryant and Seebach have conceptualized a unique approach to the delicate area of contactee trauma and the healing process necessary to the well-being of those involved. While reading their book, I experienced an awareness of past encounters and worked through problems past and present by utilizing the tools provided in this excellent work.

As a researcher, I found the index valuable and the bibliography well documented and thorough. As a reader, I was nourished by the tidbits of information that were found throughout the book that I had not been aware of before and some that were welcomed as timely reminders.

This book is a "must have" for anyone involved in the field of Ufology and contactee processes. It would be beneficial for professionals involved in working with contactees who are experiencing awareness of the "Dimensions Travelers" [authors' terminology] and the resultant trauma.

I highly recommend this book to anyone involved in, or curious about, this controversial phenomenon. It is a most welcome addition to our library.

*Lon J. Nansel
Investigator/Researcher
Fortean Research Center
Lincoln, Nebraska*

The above volume is available on loan to members of Lincoln's Fortean Research Center.

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